

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" is a Railway Accident Life Policy for £150. (Three Claims already Paid.)

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. IX.—No. 414.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1892

[ONE PENNY.]



APRIL FOOLS' DAY.

"My unfortunate Parents seem to be for ever living in a state of perpetual melancholy. Now and again, 'tis true, a gleam of light suffices to disperse the murky atmosphere which surrounds them, but the gleam is never more than of brief duration. On the First of April the arrival of three hampers brightened up things a little, but the disclosure of their contents soon blighted budding hopes. No. 1 hamper contained several bottles, labelled 'Unsweated.' After sampling, Poor Pa discovered that paraffin was nearer the mark. On the contents of Nos. 2 and 3 hampers I prefer to remain silent."—TOOTSIE.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING!



beautiful morning, the sun shining brilliantly, not a cloud in the sky. "Ha, ha!" murmured Buggins, "this is something like Spring weather." hours later the wind changes, clouds are—



Swept over the sun, and Buggins almost weeps with the cold. The next morning, matters appearing worse, Buggins dons his warmest winter clothes, and saunters forth. At the end of an hour another change.



From mid-summer to mid-winter in one brief moment, with a water-cart thrown in to add to the discomforts, and yet people wonder why they are always laid up with a cold.

BAD TIMES AT THE BANK.

THE Bank of England has had its struggles, and curious enough are some of its traditions.

The Bank first commenced operations in Grocers' Hall, and the secretaries and clerks numbered but fifty-four, while their united salaries amounted to only £4,350. In the year 1707, upon a threatened invasion by the Pretender, the first run on the Bank occurred. When it took place many, instead of withdrawing their deposits, carried in all their cash to help the establishment. A private individual, who had but £500, brought it in, and, on the story being told to Queen Anne, she sent him £100, with an obligation on the Treasury to repay the whole £500. Encouragement, such as this, gave firmness to the Bank, and enabled them, with a call of 20 per cent. on the proprietors, to preserve their credit.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1757, says, "Visitors are sometimes shown, in the bullion office, the identical old chest, somewhat larger than a common sea-man's." The first books were also shown, which exhibited the small beginnings and grand development of the great establishment.

During the panic of 1825, one December evening, the Bank closed its doors with only £1,027,000 in its cellars. Shortly afterwards they had only a few thousands. Then it was remembered they had in stock a box full of one-pound notes, which were at once issued, and the Bank saved. A

remarkable run on the Bank was created by the Duc de Choiseul, during the American War. He employed French emissaries, when the Bank bullion was low, to get up a run upon its coffers. This they did in the most malignant manner, and in a few hours the whole city was in motion. Volumes of paper were presented and gold received in exchange. The directors grew alarmed as the panic spread, and the efforts of the national enemy seemed prospering. Time was necessary to collect specie, and people were employed night and day to coin money. The fever lasted nine days, but all demands were met, and the scheme defeated.

A linen-draper, of Stafford, called Vaughan, forged the first bank-note. He employed several artists on different parts of the notes, and, having produced about twenty, deposited them in the hands of a young lady he was going to marry. He was fairly well off, and seemingly had no idea of fraud beyond passing himself off for richer than he was, so as to obtain her as his wife. From this time forged notes became common. The publicity given to the fraud, and the execution of the forger, tended to excite sympathy and cause imitation. During the four years following the first issue of one-pound notes, eighty-five forgers or smelters were hanged.

In 1710, a bank director lost a £30,000 bank-note, which he was persuaded had fallen off a mantelpiece of the room, in which he had placed it, into the fire. The Bank directors gave the loser a second bill, upon his agreement to restore the first bill should it ever be found, or to pay the money itself should it be presented by any stranger. About thirty years later, the director having died, the bill was presented by a stranger, who said he had it from abroad, and insisted on immediate payment, and the Bank, as the bill was payable to bearer, was obliged to sustain the loss, for the director's heirs would not listen to any demands of restitution. An architect had bought the director's house, and it at last transpired that he had found the note in a crevice of the chimney.

A wealthy and energetic Jew once presented £20,000 worth of notes at the Bank, and demanded payment. As the notes were known to have been stolen, this was refused, on which the Jew went deliberately to the Royal Exchange, and there asserted publicly, showing the notes to corroborate his statement, that the Bank had stopped payment, and that their affairs were in confusion. He then declared he would advertise the refusal of the Bank. A panic ensued, and the Bank authorities deemed it wisest to pay him and submit to the loss.

The capital of the Bank of England is £11,553,000. The rest, or reserved, last October was £3,125,133.

LATEST FROM THE BOW-WOWERIES.

"Orrors on 'orrors! The Pirates are a-dissecking of pore William wile yet alive. We ave recieve a to joint in a Bryant and May match-box he say he is to be semented. Ant 'Igging is a-tryin' to rase alone to pai his ransom.

"P.S.—Mr. Boffin he sai it is off a rost foul.

(Signed)

ALEXANDRY."

(Next week, "The Murder of Calas.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Many thanks for relic, TIMBREL. Sorry that we cannot, NELL. Glad you liked it, EFFIE BALDWIN. No, MISS BURSH, they're not to sell. Sorry that we cannot tell you where to get them, ARTHUR WHITE. Much obliged for postcard, E. S. You are really most polite. Thank you; but we'd seen it, SWALLOW. No, it doesn't matter, LOT. Don't be foolish, ROBERT EDWARDS. SLOPER never cares a jot. Since you ask us, FUNNY FELLOW, we should say a thorough ass. Don't believe it, AMBROSE ARCHER. It is only empty "gas." We cannot advise you, GRECIAN. There is hardly any proof. Tootsie hates him, FOND ADMIRER, and has always held aloof. You surprise us, WILLIAM STEPHENS. What a most distressing case. Very sorry, RICHARD BUNNICK. But we haven't any space.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in the World.

Forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada and United States of America, post-free:

3 Months, 1s. 8d.; 6 Months, 3s. 3d.; 12 Months, 6s. 6d.

In Stamps or P.O.O.s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Weekly Contents Bills will be sent post-free to Newsagents on application.

PARIS.

On sale at all Kiosques and Booksellers, at 20 Centimes, or by special arrangement at our

PARIS AGENCY, 22 RUE DE LA BANQUE.

—£150—

Will be paid to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who shall happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" be found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published throughout the United Kingdom every Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 8 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"DOING yer homework?" asked Johnnie. "What is it?" "Making out a list of European Sovereigns," replied Willie. "Who's King of Spain? Oh! I know—Alfonso." "He ain't a sovereign," said Johnnie. "Put him down as a five shilling piece—he was only born in '86." "Well, that would make him worth a crown, wouldn't it?"

"I CAN'T make it out," remarked the youthful editor of a comic paper, "but the most original jokes come from my oldest, and the most unoriginal ones from my youngest contributors." "The reason is," said Smarler, "the chestnuts sent in by the oldsters are ancient enough to have been forgotten."

WHEN you're playing at cards in the home going train, It causes you endless vexation If you can play a magnificent "nap" The bally thing stops at your station.

"BUT this is the fifth time I've applied for this account," said the collector. "Dear me!" said SLOPER, "I'm very sorry, but I can't pay it just yet; and, by-the-by, I always like to do a good turn if I can, even to a creditor: just tell your gov'nor that he'd better have that bill made out on parchment, it will never last if he doesn't."

THERE is nothing like an honest determination to make the best of a misfortune, even when such misfortune is brought to our door by our own indiscretion. We may object to the man who is always in debt and difficulties. Still, when he sits in the front kitchen with the man in possession and amuses himself by making an artistic lampshade out of the blue rates summonses and the orange county court papers, we must admire him, after all.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 414.—The "Robin Hood" Costume.



RACY. A jockey, à la de siècle, you bet.

"Sir, I am a sound doctor." "Yes, more sound than sense, I fancy."



Map. Congratulate me, girls. I'm going to marry Charley Headstrong. Ruth. So glad he's got someone to accept him at last, dear. I only refused him yesterday. Maud. And I the day before, dear.



"What pleasant place in Surrey does the above painful incident remind you of? There, I'll tell you—Norbiton."

GIRLS, sweet, blushing, blooming, daisy gathering port-wine-and-biscuit-bolting darlings! they always do speak so sweetly kindly of each other. "Small ankles!" said Tootsie when somebody had been loud in praises of Lardi's charms; "why, they're so thick, that the other day when she was standing on the road-rest I couldn't tell which was right, which was left, and which was the pillar of the lamp-post." "Oh, woman, in your hours of ease No other's charms will chance to please."

Country Shopkeeper. Jones, just write and order four dozen smoking caps, tasselled and embroidered, and—er—say, three dozen and a half pairs of fancy slippers.

Assistant. But we don't want either, sir; we haven't sold half what we had in—

Country Shopkeeper. Just you hold your tongue and do as I bid you. Don't you know that it's the Curate's birthday next Thursday fortnight? Oh, young man, young man! I'm afraid I shall never get you to be a credit to the business.

I NEVER had a brand new tile,
A glossy silk or swaggar brown,
But I left home without a gam,
And rain or hail or snow came down
[Moore Orless.]

A FEW days after Mr. Stager, of the Frivolity Theatre, had taken his company on tour, a gentleman inquired of the box office keeper, "Mr. Stager in?" "No, sir; he's out of town," was the reply. "Oh, indeed! Has he left the show?" asked the stranger. "No, sir," answered the other; "he has taken it with him."

BELINDA BLADDER sat tête-à-tête with her latest betrothed in the drawing room when the lights were turned low, and in marched the juvenest of the olive branches, armed with a money-box. Now, the betrothed (latest edition) was unused to the dear little ways of dear little children, and ejaculated, "Get out, you little varment!" "Oo is funny mans," lisped the artless little innocent, the honey of his smile merging in the golden syrup on his cheeks. "Sissy's uvver sweethearts always used to put sispence in my money-box when they wanted me to go 'way." It was the latest betrothed that departed, and the youngest olive branch was regaled with a sisterly spank.

Particular Father (to son who has come in late to luncheon). How dare you behave in this manner, sir? How dare you treat your parents with such disrespect? I know what it is, you've been hanging on to the heels of that sweetheart of yours—seeing her home from church, or some other nonsense. Now, you've lost your lunch.

Son (cheerfully). Never mind, father. Grace before meat any day.

"ALL tickets ready, please," said the inspector; and the old lady convulsed every occupant of the carriage by innocently remarking, "Deary me, I do hope as how there's nothing wrong with mine. I asked for a third to Liverpool Street and there it is; but it ain't redly at all—it's a dirty yellow."

"I HAVE brought Professor Quack to see you, my dear," observed a fond wife. "He is so clever, you know; he will soon put you right. Now, Professor, what do you say it is?" "I pronounce it exéma, ma'am," said Professor Quack, after short inspection. "Then you pronounce it wrong," said the patient husband, "for it's eezéma."

"WHAT does a full orchestra consist of?" inquired a student. "Seven bald heads, five pair of spectacles, four beards and a fat man on the drum," responded his observant friend.

THE wife of his bosom was on the spring clean.
Upstairs for his collars the tyrant had been;
A pail on the stairs! He the welkin made ring,
And cursed the spring clean in his ten stair clean spring.

"THE great mistake which people make is marrying in haste to repent at leisure," said Uncle Boffin. "A man ought to know the woman whom he purposes making his wife thoroughly before he takes that most serious step." "If your advice was followed, sir," replied Penkecker, "there would be no marriages."

MRS. SLOPER did have all her suspicions aroused the other morning. Still, there was no reason to suspect that faithful husband of other misconduct than that of superfluous sherbert, although he didn't turn up till 8 A.M. next morning. "Sloper, you've been to another of them fancy dress balls. Some powdered headed wretch has been a-waltzing with you. Here's two white hairs on your collar." But, lor' bless you! it all came right in the end. He had only been thirsty, and sat down on the doorstep to share the contents of the milk-can with the cat; and, as they rubbed noses together quite friendly like, two of the feline's whiskers had become unhitched. There ain't no harm in old SLOPER, you bet!

Grateful Mother. How can I express my thanks to you, Mr. Sonneteer? It was so good of you to send my daughter a volume of your poems to read during her illness. I really and truly believe they saved her life.

Delighted Poet. My dear madam, I'm delighted with what you tell me; but are you sure you're not flattering me just a little too—?

Grateful Mother. Oh! not at all. You see, it was vitally important that she should get some really sound sleep.

[But Sonneteer had fled.]

"ARE you aware, sir," said a damsel, with a stony glare, "that you have spilt your wine over my dress?" "Yes, ma'am," said the male creature addressed; "and it was the last glass of that '7 port. I am so sorry."

"MY father takes the chair at friendly leads." "Garn, that's nuffink. My ole man took your ole man's chairs an' tables, too, for rent."

"HERE it is, old man," exclaimed an amateur photographer; "what do you think of it?" "Humph!" ejaculated the victim. "I—er—don't altogether—er—like the eyes." "No more do I, but one can't flatter with the camera."

IT is good to be merry and wise,
It is good to be honest and true;
It is good to pay for the old togs
Before you on with the new.

"DON'T you love the joyous spring," gushingly asked the sentimental maiden—"the spring when all Nature throws off, with one accord, the sombre garments of winter and shines out resplendent in all the beauty of fresh raiment?" And the practical, soulless young man responded that he wasn't quite sure that he did. It was all very well for Nature to go in for new togery, but Nature hadn't got a tailor's bill to settle; and what price the man who's obliged to leave off his overcoat and show the patch in his unmentionables?

Rag and Bone Merchant. Any rags or bones, any old bottles to sell to-day, mem?

Mrs. Sloper. No; go away. How dare you come botherin' round here?

Rag and Bone Merchant. Beg pardon, mem; but, indzin' from the colour o' your old man's boko, I thought I should 'ave bin able to do a good trade with you in bottles.

TOOTSIE AND "THE MOUNTEBANKS."

"MAN," says the label on the phial, "is a hypocrite, and invariably affects to be better and wiser than he really is."



Arrostino Annegato:
FRANK WYATT.



Teresa:
GERALDINE ULMAR.

Horace Sedger, lessee and manager of the same. At a village inn in a Sicilian valley, under the shadow of Mount Etna, is staying a certain alchemist, who has an unhappy knack of blowing himself up whilst performing his chemical experiments; and eventually this dodderer contrives to blow himself all to little bits, leaving behind him but the potion above referred to and its antidote.

At this same hostelry (they seem to be rather busy there) some twenty-four members of a secret and mysterious society are wont to meet, of whom Frank Wyatt is the head, and sings a song with a chorus, "High jerry, ho!" that ought to have a long life. Frank Wyatt acts excellently well, and his stage name, by the way, is Arrostino Annegato, which sounds like some new bitters with a musical termination; whilst the very peculiar Ravioli and Spaghetti must surely be something or another out of Gatti's bill of fare.

The Duke and Duchess of Palladium (certainly someone in the musical and theatrical agency line) want to buy a clockwork Hamlet and Ophelia, but cannot get them through the Customs House for want of passports. There are some mounthebanks in the village, and Pietro (Lal Brough) suggests that Bartolo, the clown, and Nita, the dancing girl, should sample the potion. Harry Monkhouse is the former, and describes how he became so so drolly, I really must quote from the book. "I've played the first act, and the first alone, of all our tragedies," he says. "No human eye has seen me in the second act of anything. My last appearance was three months ago. I played the moody Dane. As no one else had ever played him, so I played that Dane. Gods! how they laughed! I see them now—I hear their ribald roars. The whole house rocked with laughter. I've a soul that cannot brook contempt. 'Laugh on,' I said, 'laugh on, and laugh you fill—you laugh your last! No man shall ever laugh at me again—I'll be a clown!' I kept my word—they laugh at me no more."

This notion may not be strictly original, for I remember something very like it in a comic book, called "The Late Mr. D—," written by George Augustus Sala, when he used to write comic books. The way that wretched potion works is droll in the extreme, and Harry Monkhouse and Aida Jenoure cause screams of laughter as the figures, Monkhouse is wonderfully funny in the first act as the deadly lively clown. I have seldom even seen a representative of Poor Pa upon the stage more funeral. In the second act he is killing. Those lines, by-the-way, in the duet of "Put a Penny in the Slot," addressed to the audience, are the perfection of chaff—"Clockwork figures may be found everywhere and all around. Ten to one if we but knew, you are clockwork figures too. And the motto of the lot: 'Put a penny in the slot.'"

And so the generality of audiences are! Clockwork, nothing else—and often enough clockwork gone wrong. As to winding up, they want it badly. I have noticed the stalls, full of clockwork, watching whether the Prince of Wales was going to applaud, and only doing so if he did. The snobocracy with their best things on are Brummagem clockwork. The Prince of Wales is an easy mannered, open hearted gentleman, not ashamed to be natural.

Lal Brough I am sorry to see in so small a part, but it may be worked up. Geraldine Ulmar has some good opportunities and misses none; Lucille Saunders, too, with her fine voice, scores well; and Cecil Burt's acting is excellent. Take it all round, the latest Gilbertian effort shows every sign of a long and successful run, and just your mind and go and judge for yourselves, dears, as soon as possible.



Aida Jenoure.



Cecil Burt.

NEVER.

You may find a man who never thought that he could write a play, An angler who never told a lie, A cabman who had never asked for more than legal fare, A boy who's never smoked upon the sly; You may, perchance, unearth a man who's never used an oath, A girl who doesn't think she's got a voice; You may even find an antiquated spinster who has not Remained in single blessedness from choice; You may come across a barber who's as silent as a mute, And really find a ballet girl who's young, A man who asked his main-law to come and stay a week, A lady clerk who's got a civil tongue; You may find an errand boy who has been known to run at times, A jockey who is never underhand, But you'll never find a fond mamma whose baby isn't "just The loveliest little cherub in the land."

THE DOG DOCTOR.

BLESS her dear old heart! Miss Lafayette Mudge, though past an amorous age, had, *faut de mieux*, dropped her whole affections upon the very pugliest of pugs that ever saw Leadenhall Market from behind the bars. And he was so pumpered and overfed that, like the objectionable little beast he was, he became inordinately fat, dyspeptic and painfully wheezy. He was reclining one day upon a plush cushion, gasping for what fresh air could percolate through the well high hermetically sealed window frames, when Mr. Vermuth, the eminent veterinary surgeon, drove past. Miss Mudge saw him, and flew to the front door. An alarming amount of "hi! hi-ing" brought him back. "Oh, Mr. Vermuth!" sobbed Miss Lafayette, "What shall I do with darling 'Poppity'?" He is so very ill, he can hardly waddle. Can you relieve him?"

Mr. Vermuth looked hard at the canine pet, then at its mistress, and breathed hard. "Can you cure him?" asked the maiden. "Oh, yes; I can cure him," replied the vet.; "I can; but I shall have to take him as an in-patient for a fortnight, as the case is one that requires constant personal attention."

"Dear, dear! A whole fortnight? And what will you charge me, Mr. Vermuth?"

"Say a tenner."

"A—eh—tenner, Mr. Vermuth, eh—"

"I mean ten pounds, miss."

"Well, I suppose I must consent. Take him, Mr. Vermuth, but do be tender with him."

"Oh, yes, miss!"

And he took him. At the expiration of a fortnight, Mr. Vermuth made his appearance, followed by "Poppity"; but the latter was now in perfect health, and jumped and frisked about as though he had inadvertently swallowed a "Waterbury," and his friskiness fairly astounded the spinster.

"Oh, bless you, Mr. Vermuth, bless you!" cried the maiden. "How clever you are! Here is your money. By-the-way, if you will only tell me how you cured dear Poppity, I will double your fee."

He was very thoughtful for a minute. He hem'd and ha'd as if doubtful what to do, then he said—"Hand over the other tenner."

Miss Mudge parted cheerfully, and then the hardened blisterer of bus slaves remarked, "The prescription for the disease he was suffering from, and the one I gave him, was this: 'Shut him in a cupboard with a basin of water, an old boot heel, an onion, and half a brick.' When he's eaten the onion and the boot heel, drank the water, and about to commence on the brick, he's cured. Good day, ma'am, and thank you!"

Miss Lafayette Mudge fell in a swoon with a dull, blunt thud.

PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS.

NO. 12.—THE DRAMATIST.

A SOMEWHAT self-sufficient man
Our friend the dramatist;
A bit of a logician—
A controversialist.

In his opinion, no one yet
Has made such plays as his;
And yet he's not the Public's pet,
And rarely does good "biz."

And should the critics blame his plays,
He'll face the daring band,
And simply say, "Oh, go your ways!
You do not understand."

He lectures almost ev'ry night,
And proves with humour grim,
To his own satisfaction, quite,
That none can vie with him.

His plays all have a "purpose," too—
A lofty, noble aim;
But, whether you support his view
Or not, 'tis all the same.

You can't convince him he's not right;
He'll steadily persist;
And so it's little good to fight
This head-strong dramatist.

YOUNG MR. SIMPKINS.

"I DON'T altogether like this young man, Simpkins, who comes to see you so often: I hear he is nothing but a wretched clerk on something like thirty shillings a week," is what the head of the family said to his oldest and fairest daughter one day at the luncheon table.

"He is a very nice young gentleman, indeed," replied the pretty one. "Besides, he is something more than a 'wretched clerk,' as you term it. He gets a large salary, and is manager of one of the departments, and expects some day to have an interest in the business."

"I hope he may," responded the old man; "but he strikes me as a very flippant, good-for-nothing young man, and, in my opinion, should be sat upon."

"Well, I've invited him to tea with us this evening," said she of the azure eyes, "and I hope you and ma will treat him politely, at least. You will find him a very different boy to what you supposed him to be."

"Oh, I'll treat him politely enough, if you wish it," grumbled the old gentleman.

That evening, young Mr. Simpkins appeared. He was the very essence of refinement and politeness, and certainly made a most favourable impression upon the old gentleman. "I've done him an injustice," he admitted, "he is a very decent young fellow, after all."

It was then that little Bobby chipped in. Little Bobby was a well meaning boy enough, but a bit talkative, and altogether too observant.

"Oh, pa!" he shouted, "you know what you said at lunch about Mr. Simpkins, that he was a good-for-nothing young man, and ought to be sat upon—"

"Silence, sir!" shouted the old gentleman, with a mouthful of home made tea cake.

But there was no silence in Bobby.

"It's all right," he continued, confidentially, but in a whisper loud enough to be heard in the corner public house, "he has been sat on. Katie sat on him last night for two hours, and to-day—"

There was a muffled, half-smothered ejaculation, that sounded something like "on his knee," as Bobby was grabbed by the area of his knickerbockers and dragged out of the room.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

BY the same rule that some are born to greatness, others are born to misfortune. One of these others was Josiah Grubb. His first affliction was to be born with such a surname, his second to be baptized with such a paralyzing front one, his third and last to love a vain girl.

He loved Mariana Montessoro madly—loved her as Romeo loved Juliet, Dante Beatrice, Antony Cleopatra, Abelard Heloise, Villikins Dinah. But how could a Montessoro love a Grubb?

Besides, he was in trade; worse, retail trade; worst of all, he kept an oil-shop. It was all very well to paint on the facia, "Oil and Colour Warehouse." The customers insisted on describing it as "the oil-shop." How could the haughty daughter of the house of Montessoro reciprocate the devotion of one who dispensed firewood by the bundle, blacking by the skin, tea by the two ounces?

Besides, Mariana was hopelessly in love with an ideal. Every week, in the "Poets' Corner" of the *Upper Crust Chronicle*, she devoured the tender verse of an unknown poet, who signed himself, "Tudor Plantagenet Gaunt." She felt that if they could but meet, her passion would be returned, for her mind told her she was just the sort of girl T. P. G. adored, as witness his description of the style of girl his poetic fancy depicted as perfect.

"As the sapling in the glade,
She is shapely, tall and slender;
As the fawn beneath the shade
Of that sapling, timid, tender,
Oh, my fawn! the dew is falling,
And the dusk steals grey and cold;
Listen to true Love's voice calling:
Little fawn, haste to Love's fold."

At last, Josiah could no longer repress his passion. He sought Mariana, and declared his affection for her; but, alas! half an hour previously he had been serving turpentine, and he left her in worse odour than he came.



Turpentine.

and as soon as he was gone, she was inclined to call him back; but, just then, the current number of the *Upper Crust Chronicle* arrived, and she read:

"TO MARIANA.
For thee I leave my native strand.
Would I had never met thee.
Henceforth I'll, in some distant land,
Endeavour to forget thee.
Hadst thou my honest love returned,
It would have faded never;
But, since that passion thou hast spurned,
Farewell, farewell, for ever!"
"T. P. G."

Mariana rushed to her writing-desk and penned a note, requesting an interview with T. P. G. before his departure.

As she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, though, from his verses, he seemed well acquainted with her, would he wear a white rose in his button-hole and be at Oxford Circus at eight o'clock to-morrow night?

At eight o'clock she repaired to the trysting place, and there beheld Josiah Grubb wearing a white rose!

Her ideal and her rejected lover were identical. For the sake of his verse, she forgave his name. She is now Mrs. Josiah Grubb; but, to this day, she calls her lord and master "Tudor."



Her Ideal.



AT COVENT GARDEN BALL.
"Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay."



Lodger. Rather dear, Mrs. Grab, isn't it: thirty shillings for a scuttle of coals?
Mrs. G. Oh, dear, no, sir; it's a sacrifice on my part to supply you so reasonably!



WHAT'S IN A NAME?
"Do you know that Miss Freemantle is going to marry a Mackintosh?"
"No: dear me, what a happy combination!"



"Yes, dear, I have gone on the stage. I wished to enact the character of Lady Macbeth, but my manager advises me to take a one line part, at any rate for the first few years."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 228.—MISS JEANNIE DEMPSTER.
"Sweet Jeannie is the empress of my heart." —The Dook Snook.
"I love, I worship her with all my soul." —Lord Bob.
"Her voice, her face, her figure all enslave me." —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MISS KATE JAMES.



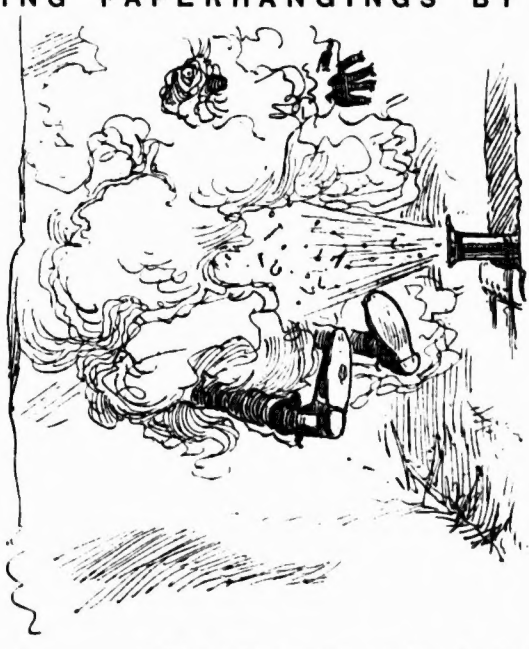
"Dear Miss James,—Will you graciously permit your humble servant and admirer to wait on you at the Gaiety Theatre, for the purpose of interviewing you?" "Dear Mr. SLOPER,—No." Did A. SLOPER repine on receipt of this reply? Did he feel hurt, and demand to know from no one in particular why he was universally treated by the fair sex, ay! and the unfair sex, as to that, as a literary pariah when they found he wanted to interview them? Did he lament, and shed bitter tears of mortification? No! He simply did what he has done many a time and oft under the circumstances: he resorted to subterfuge, and paid a visit to his friend Alias. To interview clever Miss Kate James ever since she had captivated his heart:—(1) as a stammering little slavey;—(2) as a smart little soubrette, and—(3) likewise as a blooming little bride, and a saucy little schoolgirl in *Cinder Ellen*, has been the burning desire of his life; and when A. SLOPER makes up his mind to—but enough! (You are right—get on with the interview.—ED.) It was in the latter character and also in the school-

room of Bloomsbury College (ACT II. SCENE I.) that the versatile actress encountered an old, old man, garbed as a School Board Inspector of the last century, and who artlessly put to her a number of questions pertaining to her profession. "And, in conclusion, Miss James, I would ask if you have ever saved life while at the seaside?" "No: I am happy to say I have done very well without up to now, thank you." "Thanks," said the old, old man, pocketing his note book.—(4). "And now permit me to reveal myself!" and, removing his hoary locks, he disclosed the well known cranium of the Eminent. "Written!" cried Miss Kate James, placing a prompter's whistle to her lips. The next moment they were surrounded by school-girls.—(5). The condition of Mr. Fred Leslie when he arrives at the bottom of that flight of stairs, in the first act of *Cinder Ellen*, is quite respectable compared to that of A. SLOPER when, dragging himself from the none too tender clutches of Katie's friends, he at length managed to escape from the theatre.

SPRING PAPERHANGINGS BY THE ELDER.



(1). "In discharge o' my duty, av brought ye a specimen of the finest wall papers, and—"



(2). When the Elder said, "Try a specimen o' my French nail priming, easy."



(3). And Sonny said, "Ah widna ha' minded the French nail—so man-h as the shockin' kontemp' he had for the spring puttin' us."



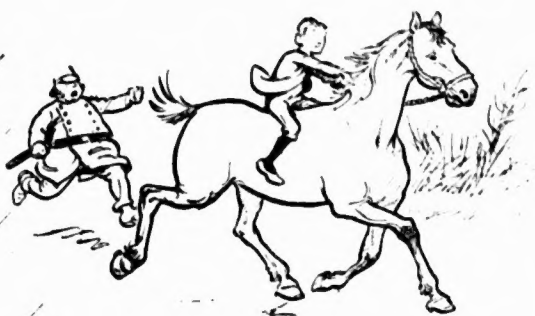
Wholesale.



Works Closed.



Old - Odd - Trick.



A Juvenile Horse Trick.



A Ploughing Model.



A Foolhardy Sailor.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

April the first for 1892 having dawned, it is my duty to wish all whom it may concern many happy returns of the day, which I do most heartily. Of course, readers of the "HALF-HOLIDAY" are excluded from participating in the good wishes. On we go:—A dangerous band of ruffians bold, Are now in Paris, so I'm told:—The owner trumps the miner's trick, And proves he won't at trifles stick:—In England she is seldom seen, So France is honoured by our Queen:—Glorious Spring,

well, 'pon my word, The glorious part is too absurd:—A gallant youth, the other day, In horsemanship makes grand display:—Around the country we now find Some ploughing matches of this kind:—A tailor bold has laurels won, His pluck, indeed, has ta'en the bun. Spring, spring, beautiful spring! Whoever composed this line deserves having his neck wrung. Five minutes in my company would do him no end of good.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

A SUGGESTION.



Jones. Don't you think you'd better pad your calves, Smith?
Smith (dressing for Fancy Dress Ball). Pad them? Why, they're three parts pad already.



Actor (not good). Ah! this is the place where I am to meet the little darling. (Looks at his watch.) I am a little too soon. What shall I do to while away the time?
Voice from the Gallery. Go and hang yourself! (Loud cheers.)



"Why not abolish the side saddle by adopting the above costume?"



Local Doctor (engaging Butler). Do you think, Smith, you could tell a fib now and again, if you were asked?
Butler. Rather, sir! 'cause, if it's left to me and you to tell the lies, there won't be much left for me to do.



This is the man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

Now that one or two of our theatrical managers are turning their attention to the warming of their houses, better times are undoubtedly in store for the long suffering playgoers. The draughty and cold condition of the auditorium of most of our London theatres is too well known to need comment, and it is a well known fact that in two or three instances the stalls are nothing less than death traps, seemingly constructed on the principle that numerous fierce draughts and an atmosphere of icy coldness are beneficial to the public health. It is quite distressing in some cases to see the manner in which the fair sex are compelled to keep themselves well wrapped up in their cloaks, etc., and with good reason, too, as the slightest exposure of neck or shoulders means, at the least, a severe cold, with the odds in favour of an attack of bronchitis, rheumatism, or other such like complaints. The mean, grasping policy practised by many managers has hitherto prevented a reformation in this direction. But now the question has been mooted, it should certainly not be allowed to drop.

Why the *Grey Mare*, which has just been removed from the Comedy bills, failed to catch on is beyond our comprehension. The dialogue was as funny as could be desired, and, in fact, taken altogether, the piece was extremely diverting; but the fickleness of the British public is proverbial, and the *Grey Mare*, putting in an appearance at a particularly depressed period, suffered accordingly. In reproducing *Jane*, C. H. Hawtreys has shown a good stroke of managerial policy, and will doubtless receive his reward by reaping a rich financial harvest.

THE Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace has shown us so plainly how vastly superior the electric light is to oil, gas and candles that it is not pleasant to be told that there is a rumour afloat that it has the same effect upon delicate skins as sunshine, and produces freckles. No well regulated girl, except she be the country born tomboy heroine of a penny novelette, ever shows to advantage in freckles, and electrical authorities should lose no time in proving beyond question that the rumour is unfounded.

VISITORS who intend "doing" the gay city will, doubtless, be delighted to learn that M. Eiffel's wondrous tower is to be once more opened for public ascents, so that they can come back and lie about the number of "stages" they went up to their heart's content, and the open-mouthed wonderment of their untravelling friends and acquaintances.

SINCE closing "Ally Sloper's Christmas Appeal" we have received from Edward Drew, F.O.S., 2s. 6d.; "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay," 2s. 6d.; F. W. H., 2s. 6d.; A. J. M., 2s. 6d.; "A Few Poor Girls," 2s.; G. C., 2s. 6d.; "I" (Mather Street Works, Bolton), 5s.; C. C. Cooper, 2s. 6d.; L. C., 2s. 6d.; W. Dyke, 3s.; A. C. Cragg, 2s. 6d.; G. A. F. (Hartlepool), 1s. 6d. These amounts will be carried forward to the "Appeal" to be made next Christmas by the F.O.M.

At the Royal Aquarium just now there is an *Exhibition of Humorous Art* which everyone should go and see. Readers of the "HALF-HOLIDAY" would be specially interested in the One Hundred Original Drawings by the late W. G. Baxter, which he made for A. SLOPER. The original work of W. F. Thomas and Hal Ludlow, also lent by the Eminent, should not be missed. One always hears a lot deservedly said in praise of the humorists of days gone by; but we venture to think that the names of Baxter, Thomas and Ludlow are just as representative of the comic art of to-day as were those of Hogarth, Cruickshank, Gilray, Rowlandson and Leech in their times.

It is a creepy story, that of Mr. Sydney Grundy's three act play, *A Fool's Paradise*, which has, since the night of its production at the Garrick Theatre, been drawing crowded houses to Mr. Hare's well appointed house. The story, as we have said, is a creepy one; it rivets the attention of the spectator from the rise of the curtain, and holds it enchained, enchanted, fascinated until the final fall. No, it is not a new plot. Dozens of stories and novels have given us the unsuspicious husband being slowly poisoned by an outwardly fascinating but really devilish wife. Our Criminal Courts but a short time ago furnished us with a similar story; but, after all, what does it matter? Under Mr. Grundy's skilful manipulation, the old story becomes invested with new interest, with fresh life. And then the dialogue—superb; the characterization magnificent throughout—simply magnificent. We haven't space to tell you more about it, but this we will say, that those who do not see Mr. John Hare as the dry old Harley Street doctor—we mean, physician—will miss that actor's most artistic creation.



ago furnished us with a similar story; but, after all, what does it matter? Under Mr. Grundy's skilful manipulation, the old story becomes invested with new interest, with fresh life. And then the dialogue—superb; the characterization magnificent throughout—simply magnificent. We haven't space to tell you more about it, but this we will say, that those who do not see Mr. John Hare as the dry old Harley Street doctor—we mean, physician—will miss that actor's most artistic creation.

ON the night of Friday, March 18th, the Vortex of Iniquity, accompanied by the unintoxicated members of the Family, accepted the invitation of Mr. A. F. Lovejoy, the popular proprietor of the Peckham Theatre of Varieties, and weighed into that capital house of entertainment, where an evening's amusement of the very best kind was provided for the edification of the distinguished visitors. Fun—rather! Beauty—words are inadequate; and even the brush of our artist is incapable of doing full justice to the exhibition, which sent the Mildewed Lothario home in a blissful delirium of delight.

A. SLOPER would advise the Editor of the *Perthshire Advertiser*, in future, to make a few inquiries before he throws his mud about. Speaking in a recent issue of his paper on the Kirkcaldy Burghs Election, when a Mr. J. H. Dalziel was returned, he says, "If Scotsmen do not begin to think shame of the class of men who are now capturing their constituencies, it will be strange indeed. Sir George Campbell frequently tried the patience of his best friends, but the descent from Sir George Campbell to the Fleet Street contributor to 'ALLY SLOPER' is so great, that intelligent Scotsmen can only mourn the hard fate of the Kirkcaldy Burghs. When men like Mr. Dalziel are elected for Scottish constituencies, Parliamentary representation is in a bad way." All this, no doubt, is very clever, but it happens that Mr. J. H. Dalziel, the newly elected Member, is not a contributor to "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," nor is he in any way related to or connected with Mr. Gilbert Dalziel. At the same time we take the opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to the Editor of the *Perthshire Advertiser* for making such a consummate ass of himself. It is these little bits of blue that, coming unexpectedly, lessen the monotony of our lives in Fleet Street.

THE Motheaten Maestro has this day been graciously pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon PIETRO MASCAGNI, because he's a composer of eminence. "Feyther," warbled the Blue Orbed Baritone, "I reckon as Cavalleria Rusticana fairly knocked 'em over here." And the Ancient smiled approvingly, patted the Cerulean Eyed Budlet upon the near side love-lock, and went out to arrange a little business difficulty with McGooseley.

POOR Tommy Atkins, like that of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's policeman, your life is not a happy one. Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief for Ireland, addressing a military audience at Dublin recently, remarked that the insanitary condition of many barracks in England and Ireland was a crying disgrace to this great nation. Year after year, in spite of every complaint, they went on using these barracks, knowing them to be abominable dens unfit for human habitation. It is small wonder that, with such an existing evil, we hear so many complaints of the hardships of a soldier's life and the extreme and rapidly increasing difficulty of obtaining recruits. It is to be hoped that Lord Wolseley's outspoken sentiments will not be without their effect, and that the next Government will seriously consider this important question. Tommy Atkins isn't paid, fed or treated too well at the best of times, and the least the authorities could do would be to see that he is properly housed.

MR. EDGAR SMART, F.O.S., and his London Company have been drawing big audiences to the Brighton Aquarium Theatre, with the three act comedy, *Bachelors*, by Robert Buchanan and Hermann Vezin. Mr. Smart has got a capital company together, and ALLY drinks success to his old friend in a bumper of "Unsweetened" (with a slice of lemon).

OH, yes! we're quite prepared to admit that the series recently started in the *Daily News*, entitled, "Our Public Men," is most excellent, most interesting; but what we want to know at "99" is, when "the largest circulation of any liberal paper" is going to give us A. SLOPER; for if ALLY is not a "public" man in more senses than one, what is he?

IF Londoners generally have inflicted any wrong or injustice on Lottie Collins they have been amply punished during the last month or two, and the young lady herself must now be laughing in her sleeve at her triumph. "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" may be all very well in its way, but it is just possible to have too much of a good thing. No matter in which direction we go—east, west, north or south—we cannot escape it, and the result is that the metropolis now contains more candidates for lunatic asylum honours than at any time previously; and no wonder, for the melancholy air of this monotonous dirge is maddening in the extreme. Oh, Lottie, Lottie! why have you treated us so cruelly? Remember that a life continually haunted with a "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" is hardly worth living.

IT is a fortunate circumstance for Swanson, Williams, Deeming, or whatever name you choose to call the man suspected of the Melbourne and Rainhill murders, that he emigrated to Australia and not America. With the predilection which the mob in some parts of the United States have lately shown for Lynch law, Deeming would stand more chance of being taken forcibly from prison, hung, burnt and riddled with bullets, than of being brought to trial in a proper and orderly manner.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 9th, 1892.

3rd April, 1862.—In the third part of Victor Hugo's novel, "Les Misérables," published on the above date, is this sentence:—"Il mangea de cette chose insupportable qu'on appelle de la vache enragée." This phrase (to eat the mad cow) is applied by the French to persons who are reduced to extreme distress and misery. It is an allusion to those who are impelled by want and hunger to eat flesh unfit for human food, even if it be that of a cow that has died of hydrophobia.

4th April, 1528.—There is preserved the agreement entered into on this date between Sir William Sturton, son and heir apparent of Edward Lord Sturton, on the one part, and Walter Hungerford, squire of the body to the King, on the other, for the disposal of Charles, the eldest son of the former, in marriage to one of the three daughters of the latter, Elinor, Mary or Anne, whichever Sir William might choose. It was at the same time agreed that Andrew, the second son of Sir William Sturton, should marry another of the young ladies. The terms under which the covenant was made gave a striking idea of the absolute rigour with which it would be carried out. Hungerford was to have the custody of the body of Charles Sturton, or, in case of his death, of Andrew Sturton, in order to make sure of at least one marriage being effected. On the other hand, the father of the three girls undertook to pay Sir William eight hundred pounds, two hundred within twelve days of the deliverance of the said Charles, and the remainder at other specified times. The covenant included an arrangement for the return of the money in case the young gentleman should refuse the marriage, or if by the previous decease of Sir William, the wardship of his sons should fall to the Crown.

5th April, 1828.—A Belfast journal of this date says:—"John Martin, commonly called 'Rough Jack,' who resided in the Townland of Magharatiny, near Ballynahinch, left his native country for America in 1799 at the advanced age of eighty. A short time prior to his death, which took place about three years since, he built a hay-rick for his son, upon which he threw up his heels, stood on his head, gave three cheers for his native country and challenged the United States to produce such a man at his time of life."

6th April, 1199.—Richard Cœur de Lion, who died this day, is said to have originated "Tarring and Feathering." Hoveden, quoted by Dr. Hook in his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," says that Richard, when he sailed for the Holy Land, made sundry laws for the regulation of his fleet, one of which enacted that "a robber who shall be convicted of theft, shall have his head cropped after the manner of a champion, and boiling pitch shall be poured thereon, and then the feathers of a cushion shall be shaken out upon him, so that he may be known, and at the first land at which the ships shall touch, he shall be set on shore."

7th April, 1828.—"The physicians and surgeons of Birmingham having," a journal of this date says, "petitioned the Legislature to take into its consideration the difficulties which obstruct the pursuit of anatomical science, arising from the inadequate supply of subjects for dissection, has suggested to us the idea that as the tide for popular opinion has for some time past run strongly in favour of 'Free Trade,' there surely can exist no reasonable objection against the adoption of its principles to a 'Free Trade in Anatomy,' so that the home 'resurrection' trade may be put a stop to entirely, and the whole demand of England for 'subjects' supplied by importation. The commodity, no doubt, would be subjected to a duty, and the prices regularly quoted in the London market lists. For instance, 'Brookes' (in Blenheim Street), Tuesday.—Per stone of 8 lbs.—Inferior coarse draymen, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 4d.; neat small linen drapers and bankers' clerks, 4s. to 5s. 6d.; prime venison fed Lord Mayors and Aldermen, 5s. 9d. to 7s., etc., etc."

8th April, 1731.—Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, daughter of Richard Cromwell and granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, died this day in her house in Bedford Row in the eighty-second year of her age.

9th April, 1626.—The phrase "Cabinet Council" seems to have been originated by Lord Bacon, who died this day, who, in his "Essays," says—"At a 'Privy' Council the Sovereign presides, but at Cabinet Councils the Royal presence is unnecessary." Cabinet Councils had their origin in the time of George I., who, being ignorant of the English language, could take no part in the deliberations of his Council. The ministers, therefore, consulted in his absence, and informed him of the result.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

I GAZED on the maiden in rapture
As I sat in my stall at the "Friv,"
And thought of the bliss
Which a passionate kiss
From her lips would undoubtedly give.

Alas! the revulsion, the anguish,
To find when you saunter behind
That the tart you adore
Is nearly three score—
Wrinkled, toothless and more than half blind.

ON THE 'PHONE.

THERE is this about Billy Benjaminoist, in common with all practical jokers, that he can't take a joke, though he's fast enough at giving them. Billy, you must know, has a racking churchyard cough, and the other evening he started coughing so bad that he went over to the telephone and rang up Dr. S. Ulpho-Carbonate, and told him he felt precious certain he was in the first stage of consumption.

Now, on the q.t., Billy had played a good many jokes on the young lady at the telephone office, so as soon as she heard what he said she rang up a young man she knew at Somers Town, who was learning the trombone, and she told him in her sweetest tone that she would like him to blow hard right in front of the transmitter of his telephone as soon as he heard the bell tinkle. You can bet he got ready—for he loved her!

"Oh, you're mistaken," said the Doctor to Billy Benjaminoist.
"No, I ain't. Get a cab and come over at once."
"Nonsense! Let me hear your lungs—just cough in the telephone."

Pretty little Leonora Rosie jerked out the plug connecting Billy, put that communicating the trombone fiend in its place, and tinkled the bell, according to previous arrangement. The Somers Town young man dropped the receiver from his hook, picked up his instrument, and blew a terrific snort. Leonora immediately restored the connection, and the Doctor, after recovering from his astonishment, asked—
"Did you cough?"

"Yes, I'm bad, ain't I?"
"Great Caesar! I should rather think so!"
"What shall I do?"
"Give up thistles for awhile. Confine yourself to bruised oats, with a brain mash now and then. A little boiled hay might be taken—"

"What the — do you mean?"
"What I say. Your voice shows unmistakable signs of your turning ultimately to a jackass. You are just in what is called the burro stage, but I hope—"

Crash! There was a vast ringing of the bells from Benjaminoist's side that told he had smashed the machine. And Leonora shook till she nearly split her sides; whilst the young man at Somers Town wetted his lips afresh, and went on with the alto part of "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay."

THE LADIES' LATEST PROFESSION. (A SOLO FOR SLUMMERESSES.)



OH, VARIOUS professions ladies lately have adopted. For all sorts of male vocations we (as Yankees say) have "opted." We have taken to be Lawyers, we have come out, too, as Doctors; And at sundry seats of learning we have posed as Deans and Proctors. But as fashionable "slummer" lately went this little "gal"— On a workhouse exploration as a Lady Casual!

But, oh, dear! how very dreadful the arrangements for our sleeping; And the awful oakum picking hurt me much and set me weeping; And the bath! well, there! but still, I had to use it willy-nilly—

at one thing, though, quite vanquished me, and that was—ugh!—the skilful!— If my tale but helps the poor, why, joyfully I shall look back on my experience as a Lady Casual!

HIS "ANCESTORS."

OLD Jobbinson had fully made up his mind that his daughter could marry "blood"; and, mind you, when he said blood, he meant it. None of your newly manufactured gore for him, thank you. He wanted the fine old crust, ultramarine tinted sort, that centuries had coursed through, etc., and he meant getting it. Ever since Jobbinson had retired (upon an immense fortune) from great firm of Jerry builders, this had been his sole ambition. He went to devote the whole of his wealth to ennobling the family by securing a titled husband for Jemima Gladys. But, somehow, the eligible members of the aristocracy didn't play that eagerness, that alacrity to come forward, which Jobbinson naturally expected. Perhaps they were not aware of the grain in store for them. You see, Brixton Rise, although "quite nice," and all that, is a little out of the way, as it were, and Jemima Gladys, poor girl! bloomed on unweeded. But Jobbinson was not to be beaten. Titles had failed him; but, matter, titles in these days of beer barrel peerages didn't always mean ancient lineage. As soon, therefore, as it became known in



neighbourhood that Jobbinson had "tenders," no less than fifty candidates presented themselves, of which, however, but two successfully passed the preliminary searching examination as to their antecedents—Jimpson Blogwell and Felix Shoddycove. It was, indeed, hard to choose between the two. Both appeared so equally eligible, that Jobbinson finally announced that he would call on both in turn, and whichever produced the most proofs of his ancient ancestry, should lead Jemima Gladys to the altar. There was little time to spare; but Shoddycove, who possessed a lead—a Wardour Street dealer in antiquities—made such good use of his, that when Jobbinson called, he was delighted. Mail and figures adorned the hall, the landings, the very rooms, whilst portraits of dead and gone Shoddycoves stared down from their age worn frames at every turn. Here was the still blood stained battle axe used by Sir Geoffrey de Shoddycove at Agincourt; here the cherry brandy flask carried by Sir Francis throughout the Crusades. Jobbinson was immensely impressed, and told Jemima Gladys he thought it hardly worth while to call upon Blogwell, who couldn't possibly beat Shoddycove. But Jemima Gladys, who rather fancied Blogwell, overcame his objections, and they went. But, alas! there was not a suspicion of armour about, and the fair girl's heart sank as she noted her father's cool reciting of the smiling Blogwell. "Now, sir," said Jobbinson, "your rival has satisfied me as to the antiquity of his family; has shown me his mail clad ancestors. Where are yours?" "Armour, sir," returned the young man, proudly, and just a little proudly, "is a comparatively too recent invention for an ancient family like mine to attach any importance to. There," he cried, throwing open the door of a room, "there are my family relics!" "Father and daughter entered—entered to see a group of "ancestors" clothed, not in armour, but in—skins and sandals. Jemima Gladys became Mrs. Blogwell last week.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 40.—PATTIE CHESTERTON.



My soul is saddened to excess, And whose will not shed A burning tear for my distress, I'll punch his blooming head. The maiden, whom for many a year I've loved with love intense, Has placed the cup of bliss afar My lips, then torn it thence— Remorseless, riven it thence!

For Pattie's hand and heart to pray I dared not dare to dare, Since I'm a mass of vulgar clay, And she's an angel fair. But yesternorn, with frantic glee, I almost fainting dropped, When Pattie C. to me—me— The grand old! popped— The marriage question popped!

I kissed her garment's hem, and swore To be a kind and good "Old man"; and then—oh, dear! oh, lor'!— Wild laughing, up she stood, And showed an *Almanac* to me. And loud and long I cursed, On twiggling that the question she Had popped on April First!

That an egregious fool of me She'd made on April First!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

79 HARLEY STREET, W., March 20th, 1892.
DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for the unexpected, but very welcome distinction of the F.O.S., and for the splendid diploma which embodies it. I feel myself so unworthy, notwithstanding even the very flattering description appended to my name, that I can only assume that Mr. A. SLOPER, out of respect for his father's memory (which, from his head dress, was clearly that of a lawyer), looks benevolently on the efforts of the legal profession. It is usual to say of any valued and newly acquired possession that it shall be made a heirloom, and I should certainly say that of the diploma; but the fact is that it is a heirloom already, as my boy (aged nine) has insisted on annexing it, and placing it in a position conspicuous and convenient for his admiration. I believe that he thinks that his father has at last achieved a distinction worth having.
Yours very truly, F. H. JEUNE.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 107.—HE TURNS UP "TOP DOG" IN THE APRIL FOOLING GAME.

ON March the Thirty-first, that lot Of idiots, called "The Sloper Gang," Devised, without a single pang Of shame, a weird and wicked plot To drive the Driveller off his dot. On April First, with groundless fear, And thus astutely make a more Prodigious fool of him than e'er He'd in his natural been before! And loud and long those traitors laughed To think how melancholy Their Boss would be next morn, when chaffed, At breakfast, for his folly!

On April First, when Chanticleer Had just begun to blithely say His "Cock-a-doodle, Boom-de-ay!" Uprose from bed that pious peer, Dook Snook, Esquire, and, with a jeer, Proceeded, in a snow white sheet, To drape his form from head to feet; Then sought the room (in that array) Where all alone the Fabric lay— Alone, because his youngest lad Had got the Influenza bad.

And when the startled Wreck beheld That seeming ghost beside him, A thrice Plutonian yell he yelled, And from his chamber hied him!

On April First, when SLOPER'S break-Fast bell began to loudly clang, The members of "The Sloper Gang" Were quite prepared to view the Wreck Before them in a most dejected state—were quite prepared to see Dook Snook explode with noisy glee. But vast were their surprise and awe When on the Fossil's face they saw A calm, contented, tranquil look, While wildly wept the blubbing Snook! And, on inquiry, learnt they that The haunted Wreck had smelt a rat, And, shunning fear, had, howling, hopped Into the room of Snooky, And ten pounds ten and tenpence copped From the pockets of the Dooky!

HIS MAIDEN PLAY.

It was his maiden play—and who has not written a play at some period of his existence or other? Even A. SLOPER, the lichen-encrusted and moth-eaten human back-number, fired years and years ago by the big brown eyes and bright cardinal stockings of pretty little Angelina Claude, dashed into the breach of the great unacted—and, ere he submitted it to the cloths called acting managers for perusal or perhaps production, he determined to read it to Her.

Why? deponent deponeth not: she had ne'er done him harm. The light burnt low and threw but a ruddy glare across the handsome apartment. The air was faint with the delicate smell of a fading buttonhole of yesterday's tuberose, and the blow-off fumes from a smouldering economy known as a halfpenny condensed coal-dust block.

"End of third scene, second act," said he, turning over his manuscript and leaning gently over towards her. "I hope I do not weary you by reading out my play?"

"Oh, dear, no," she replied, quite briskly; "I was thinking of something else."

"What were you thinking of, my darling?"

"Oh!" she said, and she fell back in her saddle-bag chair and gazed with a look of far away delight at the ceiling. "I thought how I must love you, because, when you began to read, my thoughts went far, far away to my little room at home, when I was quite a little child, and used to hear the children in the Board School behind our shanty reciting their lessons, and the frogs croaking in the pond—"

"I—er—er—I'll read you the rest another night," he said, with a sickly smile, and put his play away.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

SUSPICIOUS of my firmest friend, Mistrustful of my fiercest foe, I don this morning (to defend My pride from some unlucky blow) The secret shield of Doubt, and take Precautions, in an artful way, For making sure that none shall make A fool of me on All Fools' Day!

Full well aware how men delight At April Fools to jeer and sneer, With anxious care, from morn till night, Of Folly's byways steer I clear. And, when the day has gone, I dance Around my room with antics gay, Rejoiced that none has had a chance To call me "fool" on All Fools' Day!

Thus man endeavours, here below, Not what he ought-to-be to be, But to a watchful world to show That what he ought-to-be is he! And I, who all the year beside In Folly's pathways daily stray, Take pains to prove, with conscious pride, How wise I am on All Fools' Day!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE sort of pain you can get lots of pleasure from—SLOPER'S "Ally-Cam-pane."

Why is a critic scoffing at a dramatic performance like a literary thief?—Because he's a play-jeerist.

Is a hackneyed quotation one that has been a good deal cab-baged?

A TRAGEDY, IN TWO ACTS—Act I.: SLOPER'S Hat. Act II.: SLOPER sat.

LITTLE BEAU-PEEP—A diminutive dude trying to see the top of his Amazonian sweetheart's Amazonian hat.

THE SCHOOLBOYS' CHIEF—MIL-SCHUFF.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE DEMON UMBRELLA. (A TALE OF DIABLERIE.)

CHAPTER VI.

PETER CRAWLEY SIMPSON duly attended at the public-house where the inquest was to be held, requested to see the umbrella,

and at once identified it as the article he had lost on the occasion of his misspent holiday. The coroner, having heard of this fact, demanded that Mr. Peter Crawley Simpson should be put into the witness-box to tell what he knew of the deceased.

Peter deposed that he knew nothing of the deceased. He had lost the Umbrella. He had lost it at night—late at night. He did not know where. It must have been in the street. He was not in the habit of dropping umbrellas in the street.

It might have been stolen from him, or he might have lost it. Yes, he had been drinking that day a little. He had been out of the City. He had been at Rosherville. Yes, he had danced. It might have been left at Rosherville. The man he bought the Umbrella from would certify that it was his property.

Peter Crawley Simpson finished his evidence in a somewhat limp and shaky condition, and while the umbrella maker was sent for to corroborate Peter's story, other witnesses were examined. It was elicited that the deceased was apparently a perfectly respectable and industrious person till the previous Bank Holiday, four months

since, that at that time he began to lose heavily from betting, that he took to drink, and that he had bought a revolver early on the previous morning and had blown out his brains, after paying his landlady.

Then the umbrella maker identified the Umbrella as one he had sold four months before to Mr. Simpson, and that Mr. Simpson had reported its loss to him.

The coroner summed up, and the jury returned the satisfactory verdict that deceased had died by his own hand while in a state of unsound mind.

The jury were duly thanked and discharged, and the coroner directed that the Umbrella should be handed over to Mr. Peter Crawley Simpson, to whom it evidently belonged. He, at the same time, thought it his duty to remark that persons who indulged in liquor and danced at public places had no one to blame but themselves if they lost their property. He thought that the admissions made by the owner of the Umbrella were perfectly scandalous, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Mr. Peter Crawley Simpson slunk out of the coroner's presence a humbled man. The comfort he might have had in the restoration of the Umbrella was gone. At his work he felt miserable, and, as he walked homeward, he felt less buoyant than usual. Even the door of his own house had a colder look, and, as he stepped into the lobby, it looked dark and strange, there being no welcoming voice to greet him. When he entered the sitting room, he was horror-struck to discover his wife with her head buried in the sofa pillows, sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"The matter!" said Mrs. Simpson, with stern majesty. "He asks me, 'What is the matter?'"

"Yes, my dear, I simply ask what is the matter. Are you ill?"



Sobbing bitterly.

"Yes, I am ill; and that has made me ill," and she pointed most dramatically to the centre of the third page of the *Evening Star*. Peter Crawley Simpson seized the paper and read in bold headlines: "THE MURDOCK STREET MYSTERY."

SUICIDE OF A BETTING MAN.

THE RESULTS OF ROSHERVILLE—AFTER DANCING, ORBLIVION." Peter Crawley Simpson's evidence at the inquest was given in full. (To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 249.—MR. BEN TILLETT, F.O.S.

"We are painfully aware that we owe both to our readers and our illustrious subject apologies sincere and profound for having for so long withheld from the 'F.O.S. Gallery' the portrait of a man with whose name everyone is familiar—a man revered by the Oppressed, the down-trodden slaves of the Bloated Capitalist; feared and hated by the Oppressor. Is it not Tillett who, with his impassioned utterances, his flowery rhetoric, his indisputable arguments, has convinced thousands who were previously unaware of it that they were shamefully underpaid and overworked? Is it not Tillett who has been the hero of a hundred fights—we mean strikes? Is it not Tillett who represents an important and influential faction of the coming Democracy? Is it not Tillett who is destined to fill as important a position in history as Cromwell, as Ireton, as Hampden? Tillett it is who, when the smouldering ashes of the House of Lords form but a literal illustration of the abolition of Hereditary Legislation; when Buckingham Palace is let in tenements to members of the Dockers' Union, and Windsor Castle converted into a home of refuge for overworked strikers, will deign to remember that there is one who did prophesy his greatness, and procure that seat a snug and comfortable and handsomely paid post as Inspector of Unsweetened Distilleries. Tillett it is who was created F.O.S., and received the 'Sloper Award of Merit' August 23rd, 1890."—*Behrett Improved.*



She. Can you tell me if there is another bus to-night?
He. The next one is the last one, and 'tis gone, be jabers!



Tompkins rather likes to be kidnapped by brigands, and requests his friends not to send him ransom yet.



"Podger, you're out of training." "Am I, egad! Dashed if you haven't trained yourself to a mummy!"

A SHORT ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

SCENE—Outside Stable.



Old Gent (enraged). Do you think I'm a fool, sir?

New Groom (coolly). Dunno, gen'l: I've only been in your employ a week.



Medical Advertiser. My dear sir, yours is a very bad case. I know of nothing that can save you, except a long course of my celebrated liver twistlers, sold at forty guineas a box.



"There goes my coalman—one and tenpence a hundred-weight. Who pays for it? Why, the likes o' me!"

TOO SUCCESSFUL.



(1). Professor Crankle (to Farmer Hassard). "Fooh, my friend, we've got ahead of you old-fashioned bumpkins in vegetable growing nowadays. Electricity's the thing. Just come and take a look round my bit of ground, and I'll show you something that'll surprise you."—(2). "There you are. Those are some of Grubby's little early cropping dwarf giants! Well forward for the season, eh? All owing to electricity."—(3). "A simple little invention of my own. Merely an 'Incandescent, Voltaic, Ball-bearing, Conical, Brush System, Accumulating, Double Distilled, Steel Clad, Pneumatic, Insulating Electric Battery' concealed beneath the soil, and all I have to do to

make the plants shoot upwards is to press this button. If you stoop down, you will be able to hear them bursting from their earthy covering with the naked ear."—(4). "Whirrip! Bang! Crash! Help! Fire! Murder! The blamed thing's over-charged and I can't let go! Run and fetch a strong man to let me loose, or I shall be twisted into a knot!"—(5). Farmer Hassard (scrubbing his bleeding nose). "Waal, mister, that du be main pretty for fotterworks or anythink o' that sort, but that raises them spring crops most tye sudden for me. The old stoyle may be a bit slow, 'tis true, but I think I'd rather stick to it for a short time longer, thankee."

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 3.—Maud.

WHO IS IT?



* During the height of the excitement over the Rainhill affair, a mysterious figure has been under the notice of the police. His hair and moustache are evidently false, and a bottle of "Unsweated" invariably protrudes from his pocket.

A SPRING NOVELTY.



Dedicated to all the young lady readers, pretty or otherwise, of the "HALF-HOLIDAY."